Picture Brides Find True Friend Here

Y. W. C. A. Worker Is Their Counsellor

7000 Japanese Women Have Left Homes in Nippon to Meet Husbands Here

THINK of going out of a home that has sheltered you all your life and crossing 10,000 miles of water to meet a man you have never seen, but to whom, within an hour after your timid, trusting glance rests upon him, you will be married.

Possbly 10,000 women in Hawaii today have had this experience. These women are the Japanese picture brides, 7,000 of whom have left their homes in Japan within the last five years to come to Honolulu where they have met their husbands. How these brides are selected, how they make the long journey, how they learn to adjust themselves to Occidental life and manners perhaps no one in Honolulu knows better that does Mrs. Tsue Kishimoto, who, as an employe of the local Y. W. C. A., so capably looks after the comfort and moral safety of Japanese women immigrants.

"Every boat bringing passengers from Japan to Honolulu has on it at least a hundred picture brides," said Mrs. Kishimoto, a quiet, well-posted, earnest woman, who speaks better English than the average American in Honolulu. "Some of these women might be considered very young girls, for it must be remembered that the marriageable age for Japanese girls is 15 full years, and it is a parent's duty, in Japan, to provide a husband for his daughter as soon as possible after she has reached the marriageable age. To be 25 and an unmarried women in Japan is to be an old maid, which is disgraceful. That is why some of the picture brides who come here seem to be such children.

"These brides are very carefully chosen by the Imperial Selective Bureau. Many of them come from the best families, not from the nobility, but from the merchant and student classes. The Bureau is most particular. It is not easy to get one's daughter chosen to be a picture bride.

"It is like this. When a man in Hawaii wants a Japanese wife from Japan, he finds a good friend, some married man, maybe, who will be his baishakunin—that word means go-between; a baishakunin is a sort of official match-maker. Application is then made by the baishakunin to the Imperial Selective Bureau, and a photo graph is sent of the man who wants a wife. Many parents are ready to have their daughters chosen. One young girl is found, her photograph is sent to the man in Hawaii, and she is allowed to see the picture of the man who may want her for his wife. If the two, the man and the girl, like each other when they have seen the photographs, then the baishakunin arranges for the marriage. Not many girls in Japan are forced to marry any man against their will."

Presents are then exchanged between the pair, the girl's parents sending the man in Hawaii silk, perhaps, for a kimono, or the money with which to purchase something for himself. This matter of the exchange of presents is very strict in Japan, and constitutes almost a legal engagement. Due to the great distance, the custom is not so closely followed where picture-brides are concerned, the presents being sometimes deferred until the actual meeting of the pair. But the presents are, sooner or later, exchanged.

When the wedding preparations start in far away Japan little Nyoshi must first have two chests, usually made of bamboo, one of two or more drawers, which is called a tansu, and the other a long narrow box, called a nagamochi. Into the tansu must be put many kimonos, of just as fine material as the family purse will allow. Sometimes a bride takes with her a sufficient number of kimonos to last her a lifetime. The nagomochi must be filled with bed covering, such as soft, warm blankets, all hemmed, and often embroidered, by Nyoshi's own slim hand.

At last Nyoshi is ready for the long journey—she calls it nagamichi, which means a long road, and how long it is she does not know, for she has never been on a great ship, and has no idea of the meaning of long distances—but she is ready, and if she is afraid she does not say so.

On the boat Nyoshi meets many other girls who, like her, are making their first long journey. Some of them are her own friends, whom she is glad to see, and others are strangers, of whom she is very shy. However, it is easy for even Japanese picture brides to become acquainted and shipboard, and soon little Nyoshi feels less strange, and begins to enjoy the journey over the long tumbling green waves.

At the immigration station she is met by her prospective husband, accompanied by the baishakunin. Here, unless she should very strongly object to the appearance of the man she is to marry, the legal wedding takes place. The territory sees to that. If there should be objections made by either Nyoshi or the man, Mrs. Kishimoto is there to see that no harm befalls the little maiden, and the immigration authorities also keep a watchful eye on her until she is safely installed in her husband's care, or is sent back to her home. Few, if any, are returned, unless there is some physical defect, which is rarely the case.

As soon as she can leave the immigration station, Nyoshi, wearing white, to signify that she is dead to her old life and to her family, accompanies the man who has been chosen for her to his home, and with them goes the baishakunin, who has previously seen that everything is made ready to receive the bridal pair.

If she is married according to Japanese custom, immediately upon her arrival in the house of her future lord and master, Nyoshi changes her white dress of mourning for another kimono, always the gift of her husband. Then follows the san-san ku-do, the ceremonial drinking of sake, "three three nine times," which insures health, prosperity and happiness for the newly wedded pair. Three cups are used, and three times each, first the bride and then the groom, drinks from each of the three cups. When it is finished Nyoshi again retires, to re-appear almost immediately, clad in a lovely kimono of her own choosing.

All this time Nyoshi has not spoken, nor does she speak until the wedding feast is over—sometimes it lasts three days—when the bridal pair is led into the bridal chamber by the baishakunin and again the san-san ku-do is drunk. This time, significant of the fact that he is master, the husband drinks first.

If the husband wears Japanese costume he, too, changes several times during the ceremonial feast, but if he wears Occidental evening clothes, as many Japanese men in Honolulu do now, he does not change his dress during the feast.

Never from the time Nyoshi touches the wharf until the ceremonial wedding feast is over does the baishakunin leave the pair. In fact he acts as a sort of godfather to them all their married life, and takes a fatherly interest in the five little Japanese babies that are almost sure to come sooner or later to bless the home.

And all this time, too, Mrs. Kishimoto has kept her friendly, mother eyes upon the pair. She knows that little Nyoshi, when the excitement of the wedding is over, will be very lonely for a while, and she goes to her, as a friend, almost as a sister, and instructs her in the ways of of her new home, taking with her some woman who can be a friend and sort of guide until Nyoshi is able to find her way about in her new life. Whatever her religion is, she is allowed to follow it, if she wishes, but Mrs. Kishimoto, being herself a Christian, always tells her of the Christian churches and the Christian manner of living, and directs her to some church near her home where she can attend services at least once on Sunday.

Also little Nyoshi is shown by Mrs. Kishimoto how to keep house as it is kept in America; how to make her purchases of food; in short, to conform to Americans ways of living.

VIGILANCE WORK BY NATIONAL AD CLUB EFFECTIVE

The Grant Lands Locating Company and C. Ferguson Smith, its sole promoter, have come under the ban of the Post Office Department in the form of a fraud order just issued against the concern, which has had its headquarters at Portland, Oregon.

This substantiates the conclusion of the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs which issued a special bulletin under date of June 20, 1917, setting out its findings of fact based on an investigation made at that time.

Smith advertised that the United States government was opening certain Oregon lands for entry and agreed to sell maps of the same to prospective locators for one dollar each. He represented that immediate action was necessary in order to secure the pick of the area open to entry.

As a matter of fact the lands were not open to home-seekers and had not even been classified, a necessary preliminary step. In addition to that the maps were practically worthless for the selection of desirable tracts of land in that they did not show the comparative advantages of one section over another. General descriptions on the back of the maps had been taken bodily from an Oregon almanac.

The Associated Advertising Clubs, National Vigilance Committee.

The further sum of 10,000 pounds sent to war funds by the Paramount chief and the Basuto nation is being used for the purchase of aeroplanes. His majesty has expresed high appreciation of the gift.

Mr. Smith is coming to Honolulu.—Adv.

WITH THE ROTARIANS ON A VISIT TO THE CASTNER TRAINING CAMP

By RILEY H. ALLEN

I had the very real pleasure of a visit to the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Schofield last Tuesday, and came away, as did every other member of the party of more than 50, with an added respect for our army, for our "rookies" from Honolulu, and for the kind of officers which this camp will turn out.

It was the trip of the Rotary Club, on Tuesday afternoon, and one evidence of the interest Honolulu feels in the training-camp was the large attendance of Rotarians.

Lew Underwood, the club secretary, Jack Butler, who arranged the visit of the club, and Charley Heiser, who helped along the arrangements, shooed us all into our cars or some other Rotarian's car at 1:30 and we went down to Castner, where the camp is situated, in good order, and without casualties. The first thing we saw on arrival was a line of scarecrows hanging in the wind, looking at a distance exactly like the scarecrows that I used to help stick out in the cornfields of Kentucky when I was a kid on a farm. These scarecrows were hanging to a thin framework, and dangled very disconsolately, which is exactly proper, for on approaching nearer we saw that they were stuffed strawmen—or what passes for strawmen in army camps—and were hung up to represent the enemy so that our ambitious rookies and other lads in training could take a run and ram a bayonet right through their sawdust gizzards and out the back. Every time a rookie plugs his knife-like bayonet through the scarecrow he can imagine he is in action on the Hindenburg line, and, after seeing how these scarecrows have been ripped up to their collarbones, I am sorry for the Hun who is at the business end of a Castner-trained man's jabbing blade.

The Rookies in Blue

This line of scarecrows we saw at a distance. Nearer, we soon descried a large number of men informally clothed in blue denim and waiting around for some order or other. In their blues they gave the general effect of the prisoners we often see around Honolulu parks. In fact, this aspect was remarked on by several Honolulans. The rookies have been in camp quite a few weeks now and are case-hardened to all sorts of remarks, so that my comment will not be taken to heart.

Scattered around among the boys in blue denim were a number of khaki-clad soldiers, regulars. We soon found out that the rookies and regulars were going to give us a glimpse of trench-work as it is carried on in Europe today, and that the ranks of the rookies had been augmented by the regulars so that an attack could be made in force on a line of trenches across a gulch at the back of the rookie barracks.

Explained By Example

Capt. Charles F. Leonard, who is in charge of the training-camp, and who, by the way, showed the visitors every courtesy and answered a number of foolish questions without smiling, explained the program of the attack. Although he reduced it to the simplest possible terms, there was still remaining a good deal of "barrage fire," "bomb signals," "rifle grenades" and "mopping-up" which is unintelligible unless you are a student of the war or have been following the expert discussions held every noon at Nolte's. However, when the men got into action, we were able to understand their plan and to see how the lines of fighting lads follow the big gun fire and go at the enemy, who is presumably shaken in morale if not actually blown into bits by the drum-fire and barrages.

The trenches, whose tops we could barely see across the gulch, were just at the crest of this gulch. All of the Rotarians and the ladies and other guests accompanying them crowded to the near side of the gulch, where we had a splendid view of what followed.

Explosions in the trenches and bomb and grenade signals were succeeded by an advance of the triips. Part of the gulch was taken on the run. Part of the advance was made very slowly, for modern warfare, we are told, makes it necessary that when your attacking party reach the enemy trenches, they must have wind and strength enough left to wield their bayonets effectively.

As the mythical barrage fire preceded the men to the trenches and rained on the trenches to beat down the enemy, the advancing lines of humans went forward very methodically. Signals flashed back and forth. Some of the men went over the crest of the opposite hill and into the trenches. Others lay along the slope ready to advance when their signals came. When the bar-

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